

Gallery Tullamore

Easy to fall on a background image in
your favorite modern or Køppe type gallery, a situation where
all bits of body and mind are liquified
or engine enhanced from
weird acrylic paints or maybe plastic rainbow gel spread
like mayo on a Sausalito sandwich but
not in a way that ends all perception or causes,
smoke in blocks around the room as your net of thought
keeps the whole facility embedded for a trip to
analysis, and possibly a loss from travel-seeking
notes and colors for yet more exploration of social
and panoramic vistas, here in a spot that's likely New York or
Philadelphia, and no doubt Belfast in which case may be
after trip to the pub with Canadian toque
sitting like cake, so cool and made from a
Lifestyle Sports assorted inventory, haze of a neon twirl or
titanium-shade fabric that keeps the skull toasty or
even magnifies lava from images and studies of
painting or installations of urban dynamation stuff that
reminds one of scenes in late night alleys where trash
gets windy or kicked by wool-covered men seeking
Thunderbird or Tullamore the D.E.W. from a lost paper bag
and stashed by a lemon postal worker who was
headed to modern or Køppe Contemporary type gallery, not
nude but really in a
hurry.